THE WAR

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 28, 1850.

Tr As we dislike to fetter our contributors, we

following story certainly illustrates in an impressive way, the power of education. Whether in this case it was exerted for good or evil, will be decided very differently according as the reader may be a Catholic or Protestant. The author is evidently a very decided Protestant. So are are bed while recognising the fact that Catholic, like Protestant institutions of learning, are apt to mould the religious opinions of their pupils, we are not willing to assume that the former are in the habit of formally inculcating upon Protestant children the peculiar doctrines and rites of the Catholic Church .- Ed. Erg.

For the National Era. AGATHA: THE POWER OF EDUCATION.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Character groweth day by day, and all things aid it is ufolding; disposition is builded up by the fashioning of trat impressions."- Tupper.

"I say not, sister !" exclaimed the stout gentleman, thundering down his heavy not upon the

little rosewood table. The lip of the lady swelled into a proud curve. As Agatha's responsible guardian, Mr. Maxwell, I consider myself entitled to the liberty of

my own decision in regulating her education !" Sister-in-law Maxwell," retorted her disputant, "I am not going to dispute any of your right at law. It is only your right in conscience that I deny, to put your husband's child, soul and body, into a living tomb !"

"You talk as though I were going to make suitee of her!" returned his sister, raising her spirited eyes in some surprise, and almost in contempt of her brother-in-law's narrowness of vision. "What reasonable being would see such a hughear in the way of her spending a few months

"I tell you it will not end there! Agatha is romantic girl, and she has been half spoiled already by her love-nonsense, and what not; a fair tinder-box for the fire of superstition!"

Mrs. Maxwell smiled as she turned to arrange the drooping flowers around her still unfaded face. "My worthy brother! your argument does not hang together in unbroken links! This very 'love-nonsense,' as you are pleased to style her engagement, will act as a sort of life-preserver, to keep her head above water, in that terrible Romish whirlpool, as you style it, where I am going to throw her!"

"Humph! engaged at sixteen! to an army "Ridiculous! when you military men arealways order in the snopping excursion for which I take for granted you are arming and equipping yourself? I hold a morning promounde to be one of a young lady's articles of faith!"

"Ridiculous! when you military men arealways

esdet, moreover-a fashionable lounger, for aught I know. I have no great faith in this love of the bread-and-butter' age, or in its preservative qualities. The 'salt may lose its savor.' Well. well, let that pass till its time comes."

"You will spare some fruitless words by doing so!" was the laconic remark of the widow.

"But this numery affair! it stirs the old Scotch blood in my veins, Susannah. I can almost hear my brother calling out of his grave, to forbid the sacrifice of his only child !"

You use most shocking expressions, Mr. Max well. My dear husband, in confiding to my care our own child, trusted that every possible advantage of education should be accorded her. I shall most certainly send her to no second-rate school. She shall go where the daughters of the élite are educated. I beg leave to say, that in this matter as in all others concerning the child, I shall exercise a mother's best judgment, unswayed by any prejudice of the dead or living !"

She snoke with warmth, and her eve-flash quite disconcerted the stout-hearted Scotchman "This comes of giving a woman her foolist

way!" muttered he, but he did not speak it; for the sliding door opened from a side conservatory, and, with a burst of fragrance, Agatha danced in before him. She seemed a light-winged, sunny spirit, sent to pour oil on the stormy waves of liscussion, as she held up to the gaze of the disputants the first rose that had bloomed on her

"Oh! uncle, are you here?" cried she, her drea my hazel eyes dilating with affectionate delight and pressing her tiny foot upon the yielding carpet, she reached him by a bound. Leaning one arm over his shoulder, with her soft, chestnut curls dropping against his rough, crisped whiskers, and rougher cheek, she enthusiastically thrust her rose-bud into his very face, calling on him to echo

Agatha was a romantic girl, as her uncle had said. Circumstances and education had stimulated and nourished a temperament naturally excitable, till her heart was like the hot-house flower she held, forced into premature bloom and beau ty, delicate as the last blush of sunset, yet fated shrink from the first rude blast the outer world should pour upon it, and fall resistlessly a sport to the winds and waves of life. She wa and fragile, with a complexion-the old similes of pearl, alabaster, and cloud, have been turned into a thousand-and-one different shapes, by as many different describers so I don't know that I should gain anything by venturing upon them. Her slight frame seemed a mere transpa rency for the light of soul-or, rather, the light of imagination-for that, like Aaron's rod, had swallowed up the other faculties that were inbornto flash through. A beauty, an heiress, and, but for her affections, a spoiled child, it was not surprising, that with her knowledge of the world yet in its infancy, her heart had blossomed into

"A what d'ye call it? a Belle Perpetuelle !" ex claimed the uncle; "Why, it smells like a teachest, Agatha! Commend me to a good oldashioned cabbage-rose, for a dozen of your

Frenchified flummeries!" Oh, uncle! how can you? Look at this deli-

cate veining, this"-"Oh, aye! I dare say it is pretty enough," inter-

rupted the uncle, who dreaded a fit of the "floramania," as he irroverently styled his niece's raptures over the pets of her conservatory. "Aga that he added, seizing the white, veined arm she reached to reclaim the rose, "they tell me you are going to the Nunnery !"

I won't be a nun! no, I won't be a nun! aughingly sang the glowing girl, trying to extriate her wrist from his grasp, and turn his boughts from a channel where she, with some dreaded a burst of reproval.

Seriousness! if you please, child! this rious subject, and likely to be attended with rious results. Why are you going to a set of

civilized heathen for your education ? Everybody goes there to finish," answered Agatha, opening her eyelashes wide-" every lady

that is a lady. And mamma and Henry wish

She stopped and stammered

accompanied these words, and pressed the crimson heart blood down even into every fibre of her tremulous fingers, that still lay quivering like frightened birds in his horny hand.

"Ah! that's the secret! Agatha! Would you do a wrong for the sake of pleasing a whim of Harry Herbert's ?" Tears seed over the light that was gleaming

in her eyes; but the combativeness of her spirit was aroused to defend its love. She caught her

mother's glance, and answered firmly. "I do not believe it is a wrong, uncle! It is no professing myself a Catholic."

was a life from you Agatha! And can you pray, "Lead me not into | ering chandelier. Agatha, by the stanch Protestantism of our fore-

fathers, of your own dead father, I solemnly warn He dropped the hand he held, and Agaths feeling herself released, hastened to escape from tive but had learned from her mother to half despise, as a " bigoted Scotch Presbyter." Agatha bounded back into the green-house, and closed the

doors upon her. Two tears, one of emotion and one of petulance, she dashed from her clouded eyes. Musing a few moments in a sort of thoughtful dreaminess, she soliloquized, "I like it-this Catholic service-the chimes, the cathedral, the altar-the deep, glorious organ, and the divine paintings! I like it all-and I thank Heaven I am not too bigoted to enjoy it!" What wonder that such sentiments found speech,

on the lips of a girl who had been carried in earliest, most susceptible childhood, to the cathedral, in the arms of her unwatched nurse; and who, in fader years, had not unfrequently followed the steps of her mother-guide into that resort of the beauty and airstocracy of M-

She folded a madville over her shoulders, and was arranging her pretty bonnet before the little mirror, when she caught a reflection, and turned just in time to clude the grasp of a stealthy arm, and wake the ringing laughter of a clear, manly when it breaks a home-chord! It is the last pang

"I knew where I should find my bird-among the flowers!" exclaimed Harry Herbert, relaps-ing into as near an approximation to sobriety as his buoyant spirits of the moment would allow. "Your bird! I am planning a flight from you, for your numerous saucy sayings, Mr. Herbert—and expect to fold my wings within walls which

yours cannot overpass, were you the winged drag-on himself!"

on himself!"

"Yes! but only to plume those wings for a higher, gayer flight in my very humble service!" returned the young man, laughing. "You are to be 'polished' to the utmost degree of perfectibility, I suppose—then for your 'coming out,' ma petite—a star in the 'beau monde;' a star which I shall be west record to find." most proud to find."
"No-no! you arrogant presumer! You have

no right to exercise your fettering prerogatives in anticipation! I am my own mistress, yet! and I will enjoy my freedom!" " Let the wild falcon soar her swing !

She'll stoop when she has tired her wing !" laughed Harry, carelessly. " Meanwhile, will your subline highness accept of your devoted cavalier's escort in the shopping excursion for which I take

throwing our lack of exercise, in our faces, too! "Yes! a deal of exercise there is in this-stree winter! Well, you are ready. Not your green veil, for goodness sake, Agatha!" exclaimed, he in terror. "I wish the cholera, that drives everything else green out of the market, would fright off a platoon of these pestiferous green veils. The health of the city would rise ten per cent!"

"How you talk! Would you like to see all blousy as fish-women, or brown as squaws?"
"Wear a quaker hat, or earry an umbrella, then; but I detest these green veils! I never bow to one in the streets, for I always take for granted the face under it is old enough to be that of my great-grandmother—or ought to be, at least."
"And thereby run the risk of cutting yo ed she, dropping a mock courtesy. "I suppose must obey!" and tossing the veil half reluctant

to its corner, she unfurled her butterfly parasol Agatha came from the convent walls, with the chant, the mass, the low voices of the nuns, and the vesper hymn ringing in her ears, to make that debut in the gay world, to which she had so eager ly looked forward. For a little time, all wa swallowed up in a sparkling novelty. Midnight soirces and fashionable flirtations dazzled and be-wildered her into fancies of the 'seventh heaven.'

But the foam on the champaign soon died away, and its dregs were insipid to her lips.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed one day, after yawning for hours over the tasteless pages of a second-rate novel, to drive away the ennui that follows a night of dissipation surely as a shadow its sul stance, "mamma! this is living to little purpose It seems to me a weary round. If the self-deny ing nuns I left four months ago are travelling the right road to Heaven, we surely are on the wrong

"My dear child!" cried the mother, startled "My dear child?" cried the mother, startled into a remembrance of her brother-in-law's fore-bodings; "of what are you thinking?"

"Of nothing very particular, mamma; but I always dream myself back to those quiet aisles, when I am tired of noise and fashion; and sometimes I almost wish myself safely there."

"And Harry?" asked the mother, with a light

tone, but a troubled eye; for she saw that her child's bosom heaved, as if her heart enshrined

more than her lips uttered.
"Harry!" she echoed, in a low tone. "Yes, Harry. The world is worth something with him in it! But if it be, as they tell us, an eternal gain to give up all mortal pleasures-if the

greatest sacrifice win the greatest crown "-She relapsed into a vacancy of dreamin Rousing herself at last, and springing from the sofa with eloquence in her glance, she exclaime "No! I could never give up Harry! Mamma should have made a poor martyr!" her blushing cheek on her mother's bosom. would not care for the brightest crown in Heaven unshared with him. I could not be happy in the

Mrs. Maxwell felt the cheek of her daughte burn against her shoulder; and, clasping her arm around her in a mother's caressing, she mur mured, "And when Harry obtains his pron utenantcy, then "-

Agatha sprang to her feet as if detected in somfelony, for an easily-recognised step was at the

"I thought to find you languid and jaded, after last night's revelry," said Herbert, taking the hand of his little Agatha; "but the roses in you cheeks have outlived those in your bouquet

charmingly, my Agatha!"
"Agatha is not quite of your opinion," remarked the smiling mother. "She was just lamenting "She was just lamenting

"I have brought some tidings to diversify it, he returned, emphatically.

Mrs. Maxwell smiled, and Agatha blushed Your commission ?" suggested the former.

Yes, but"-But what?"
There is a provoking thorn in the rose whose ordered to the nether parts of California!"

in a fortnight!" replied be, laconically. Neither spoke for a moment. The tears at ength came brimming in Agatha's eyes, and she ose to hide them. Harry caught her hand

"Answer me one question, before you "Not now," she whispered falteringly,

"Not now," she whispered falteringly, and glided away to the recesses of her chamber.

"I must seal my treasure mine, before I go, mother!" exclaimed the young man, pausing anxiously in his rapid involuntary pacing, and placing himself before Mrs. Maxwell. "I have reasons whose force you cannot feel or know as I do. Those jesuitical priests! it would have been a dangerous thing to have left her longer under their influence! I do not fear that they can win her heart from me—but when I am away"

"She cannot go with you!"

"It is impossible, then? But let her st least bear my name—that is a small boon. Let me bear the memory of my mife into my exile!"

"Perhaps it were better thus," mused the other, thoughtfully.

Agatha's pure veil was bound with pearls to her fairer brow, on the evening of her bridal. Hopes that looked far away, conflicting with fears of the present gave more of the light of soul to her eye and cheek, than is often added to the "Call it a Romanist, if you please, my girl. Can beauty of the bride. The bridesmaids had left beauty on the brides and not be burned?" So says udure wing windows ... wars, beneath the fick-

was dearest. She looked up, and then down again, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Do not say anything now!" she entreated, forcing a melancholy smile. "I do not want to spoil my eyes before"—But the tears stolesi-lently down with her words.

"Agatha! I have only one promise to ask—one pledge."

"Have I not given enough ?" asked she, trying o smile again.
"It is on a matter of which I have said less to

ou than I have felt, love; and now there is no time. You will not profess yourself a Catholic while I am gone?" "How can you ask such a question now, Har-

She looked up with reproach in her eye, and, as he read its clear depths, he saw his own image there, and was satisfied. His countenance assumed its naturally sportive expression.

"Forgive me, my darling; but knowing your predilection for the reil, you will pardon a shadow

f a fear of finding you locked up in a convent's ws, upon my return! Side by side they stood, to fasten the chain

which years had woven. It was over—the simple Presbyterian error. X. Lorates. Agatha's really warm-hearted uncle dropped the hand of the bewildered bride, to clasp that of her tearful mother, "Congratulate you, sister! upon seeing her fairly married to a Protestant! I with

of expiring nature; when this world is given up, it is still hard to part! But, in the bridal hour, when the tendrils of the heart are clinging with the fervency of an unshaken, untold devotion, around an untried prop—when those tendrils are parted, be it ever so tenderly, the strongest heart

Henry Herbert laid his mercifully-uncor bride in her mother's arms, as the steamboat bell was clanging its harsh peal. "Watch her, mother!—for me! and," he whispered low in her ear, "do not let her attend the Cathedral too often!"

will bleed!

He bent for one kiss, and was gone It was on the first of May that Lieutenant Herbert left his bride of an hour. On the first of November, she received a letter with the wellknown stamp—but it was in a strange hand! She tore it open quiveringly, and gasped, "Thank God!" as her husband's handwriting lay before her eyes. His letter closed as follows:

pestilence is raging around me, love; but I am as yet unharmed. It can but bring solemn thoughts to any heart not utterly hardened—thoughts of home, and thoughts of Heaven! To see manhood prime! I am no coward, Agatha, and I face the pestilence of God's breath as freely as the cannon of man's armory; but I am not ashamed to own

Here another hand abruptly added, "A com-rade completes what your husband was not al-lowed to finish. He died this morning." Agatha She went down to the verge of the grave on the tide of that first great grief; and when, after weeks of agony, she lifted her head feebly from her pillow, she was a changed being. There was a hollow in each fleshless cheek, and the brow lay like inanimate marble, among the few thin cks that overhung it. She was changed within as without. She, too, sought to "look heaven-ward;" but, alas! deep midnight mists had rolled early between her and the sun, and her eye was oo feeble to pierce them now. Her mother too feeble to pierce them now. Her mother, watching her every glance and footstep with intense anxiety, rejoiced when, with a mockery of her former activity, she would array herself, and turn her faltering feet toward the fresh air and sunshine. But she did not long rejoice. She went up to Agatha's boudoir one day, and found, hanging over the little cushion where she had knelt from childhood to say her evening prayers, a minature of the Virgin! Thunderstruck, she started back, and was standing with clasped hands, when Agatha entered from her usual walk. She had been strangely reserved of late, seeming to scorn all human sympathy, and her mother had refrained from intruding into the inner chamber of a "hear sought to divert her mind by every device

"My daughter!" cried the slarmed mother what is this? and where have you been?"

Agatha came forward and looked her steadily

time I told you all that I could not say before," she went on, pressing her hand against her side painfully. "It is time you knew my resolve to give up the world for Heaven!" "My daughter !" gasped the poor woman, " will

"I have vowed, mother !" she exclaimed, with wild gleam in her eye, while her breath came huskily, "I have vowed a vow—but it was for his ake, mother-only his !"

She sank down upon her couch. "Agatha! you know his last wish-can yo

Agatha looked up, and her lips moved faintly. "He looked heavenward!" she whispered, and unk into a swoon of exhaustion. The mother lay by her side that night, anguished with emotion, yet hushing every outward sign, that the child of her life might sleep. A troubled stupor at last sealed slightly her overelids. She awoke suddenly, with one of the convulsive starts, in which the life-strings of the heart seem to be pulled by invisible fingers. It was a freezing night of February. The cold moon was gleaming in on the colder floor, and in its rays stood Agatha, tall and white, muttering faint

words as she shivered.
"My child!" exclaimed the mother, rushing "Agatha fixed a bewildered glance upon her.

Agatha fixed a bewildered glance upon her.

"Heaven is there!" she exclaimed, sweeping her wasted arm toward the round moon. "But," she added, in a fearfully thrilling tone, "but he is

in purgatory!"

The hand that Mrs. Maxwell grasped was ourning with fever. Agatha caught it away, and cossed both above her head as she kneit.

"Blessed Virgin! Mary Mother! Ave Maria car me! save him! save him!" What shall I do?" cried the hopeless mother ringing her hands. Agatha turned to her with

wringing her hands. Agaths turned to her with the desperate energy of a fever.

"He blasphemed the Virgin and the Sainta," she spoke, in a deep, sepulchral tone; "but hush, don't whisper it! Great God! a thousand years of fire that shall not be quenched!"

She sank heavily at her mother's feet, and Mrs. Maxwell, ringing her bell violently, despa'ched a servant to the house of her brother-in-law. It was a fearful thing to listen to that misguided spirit's ravings, during the days that followed; but it was more fearful to look on the countenance of that conscious mother, where remorse and too

of that conscious mother, where remorse and to of that conscious mother, where removes and too late repentance had traced dark lines of agony. "She cannot hold out much longer," said her physician, on the fourth day, as he felt her wasting pulse. That eve, for a little time, her delirium left her, and she looked about on all with a conacious but troubled glance, then seemed to sink into a sort of half slumber. Auguring hopefully from this change, the worn-out mother lay down on a pallet near, and the faithful uncle left to re-fresh his lungs with the air of heaven for a few

sick-chamber, on returning, he started in surprise, and then sprang forward in anger. Mrs. Max-well still lay, sleeping beavily, and by the bed of the awakened sufferer stood a female form, in the

"Ah!" A sarcastic clearing of her uncle's throat worked still in the knotting veins of his temples, one's sake, the whirlwind of his wrath. The market-town; and encouraged by this, we set to that she used to sob and rock herself to and fro,

"Out of my house, liars and bypocrites

she murmured, feebly.

"Jesus, my precious niece—look to Jesus." The strong man was melted into the tears and nderness of childhood. Oh, God! have mercy on my child," cried the

nother, sinking on her knees by the pillow

seemed turned into stone by its own agonized

gaze. "Jesus Christ, your Redeemes, fay Agathaook to Him who died to save you! She stretched her arms upward in a last vain struggle—"Jesus! have mercy!" The outstruggle—"Jesus! have mercy!" The outstruggle—as the last breath poured out, the baby might be one word from her would set and the sacrifice was accomplished—the victim was at rest. The mother fell, seemingly, as lifeless upon the floor beside her. The last cry was ing or running couldn't content her, but she must a cry for mercy; but what a fragile foundation fly to her mother's arms. And how that mother a cry for mercy; but what a fragile foundation was that one whisper for the hopes of Eternity!

## For the National Era. TO AN AUTHOR.

BY CHARLES LIST.

How well thy little volume has requited The hours in which its treasured leaves were real What feelings new and deep it has excited,

The holiness of nature, thy reliance By Superstition's frowning mien unawed The wondrous temple built for thought and see With feet assured, though humble, thou hast troe

That temple which great Angelo's designing Ne'er equalled even in Fancy's genial realm, In whose high vaults spheres other spheres entwin Hung with stupendous skill, the sight o'erwhelm

Whose walls are with ten thousand pictures covered. Of more than Raphael's forms or Titian's hues, Enchanting scenes, some by the eye discovered, Some which alone the gazing spirit views.

Where sings a choir whose members ne'er enleavor Each breathes his note, and music swells forever The natural accord of things divine Where fervent prayers arise by lips unspoken,

Not prayers that Heaven new blessings may impo But incense from the pure and joyous heart. Where symbols ranged in order and profusion,

Birds, flowers, and corals, gems and stars appear Conveying each a beautiful allusion To something holler in a brighter sphere Where thou hast learned a homage pure to render

To think of duty, truth, and God, aright, Where thou hast dwelt in more than royal splendor, Thy manna wisdom, and thy drink delight O, that Time's children, led by thy example,

Survey their domes so richly wrought and ample. Breathe their calm air, their soothing music hear. There they would find contentions thoughts forbidden

In each unsightly object discord hidden, And harmony and love by beauty taught

> From Dickens's Househald Words LITTLE MARY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH FAMINE

That was a pleasant place where I was born of a mountain stream, where the country was so lonely, that in summer time the wild ducks used to bring their young ones to feed on the bog, within a hundred yards of our door; and you full of water, without frightening a shoal of beau-tiful speckled trout. Well, 'tis long ago since my brother Richard (that's now grown a fine, elever man, God bless him!) and myself, used to set off together up the mountain, to pick bunches of the cotton plant and the bog myrtle, and to look for birds' and wild bees' nests. 'Tis long ago—and though I'm happy and well off now, living in the big house as own maid to the young ladies, who, on account of my being foster-sister to poor dar-ling Miss Ellen, that died of decline, treat me more like their equal than their servant, and give me the means to improve myself; still, at times, especially when James Sweeney, a dacent boy of the neighbor's, and myself, are taking a walk together through the fields in the cool and quiet of a summer's evening, I can't help thinking of the times that are passed, and talking about them to James with a sort of peaceful sadness, more happy, may be, than if we were laughing aloud.

Every evening, before I say my prayers, I read a chapter in the Bible that Miss Ellen gave me; and last night I felt my tears dropping for ever so long over one verse, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, me the means to improve myself; still, at times, be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for former things are passed away." The words made me think of them that are gone—of my father, and his wife, that was a true, foud mother

to me; and above all, of my little sister Mary, the clureen baren (white dove) that nestled in her

bosom.

I was a wild slip of a girl, ten years of age, and my brother Richard about two years older, when my father brought home his second wife. She was the daughter of a farmer up at Lackabawn, and was reared with care and decency; but her father held his ground at a rack-rent, and the niddleman that was between him and the head landlord did not pay his own, so the place was ejected, and the farmer collected every penny he had, and set off with his family to America. My father had a liking for the youngest daughter, and well become him to have it, for a sweeter creature never drew the breath of life; but while her father passed for a strong (rich) farmer, he was timorous-like about asking her to share his little cabin; however, when he found how matters stood, he didn't lose much time in finding out that she was willing to be his wife, and a mother to his boy and girl. That she was a patient leaving one. Oh! it often stoke malike tient, loving one. Oh! it often sticks me like knife, when I think how many times I fretted her with my foolishness and my idle way, and how 'twas a long time before I'd call her "mother." Often, when my father would be going to chastise Richard and myself for our provising doings, especially the day that we took half-a-dozen eggs from under the hatching hen, to play "Blind Tom" with them, she'd interfere for us, and say, "Tim, aleagh, don't touch them; sure 'tis only arch they are; they'll get more sense in time."
And then, after he was gone out, she'd advise us for our good so pleasantly, that a thundercloud itself couldn't look black at her. She did wonitself couldn't look black at her. She did wonders, too, about the house and garden. They
were both dirty and neglected enough when she
first came over them; for I was too young and
foolish, and my father too busy with his out-door
work, and the old woman that lived with us in
service too feeble and too blind to keep the place
either clean or decent; but my mother got the
floor raised, and the green pool in front drained,
and a parcel of roses and honeysuckles planted
there instead. The neighbors' wives used to say,
'twas all pride and upsetting folly to keep the
kitchen floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes kitchen floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes on a dish, instead of emptying them out of the pot into the middle of the table; besides, 'twas a pot into the middle of the table; besides, 'twas a cruel, unnatural thing, they said, to take away the pool from the ducks, that they were always used to paddle in so handy. But my mother was always too busy and too happy to heed what they said; and, besides, she was always so ready to do a kind turn for any of them, that, out of pure shame, they had at last to leave off abusing her "fine English ways."

West of our house there was a straggling, stony piece of ground, where, within the memory of man nothing ever grew but nettles, docks, and thistles. One Monlay, when Richard and myself came in from school, my mother told us to set about weed-

from school, my mother told us to set about weed-ing it, and to bring in some basketfuls of good clay from the banks of the river; she said that if

"She loves you, Harry!" answered the mother.

with deep fervency.

"I believe it; and were she not better my own? I may not return for years," added he, in an under tone of dejected foreboding.

"She loves you, Harry!" answered the mother.

"We come to pay the last rites to a daughter of the Holy Catholic Church—to one who was laready numbered, in intention, among our sacred stone of dejected foreboding.

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"She loves you, Harry!" answered the mother.

"We come to pay the last rites to a daughter of the Holy Catholic Church—to one who was stones that we got out growing big. and the ground looking nice and smooth, and red and rick.

With returning consciousness the first object work with right good will, and didn't leave off till supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees, when we saw the heap of weeds and stones that we got out growing big. and the ground looking nice and smooth, and red and rick.

"We come to pay the last rites to a daughter of the father of the supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees, when we saw her mother cry. About this stones that we got out growing big. and the ground looking nice and smooth, and red and rick.

"We come to pay the last rites to a daughter of the father of the supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees, when we saw her mother cry. About this time my mother got an offer from some of the hid by degrees, when we saw her mother cry. About this stones that me he pow of the same fairy-like figure and sing a low, wailing keen for the father of the same; and sing a low, wailing keen for the father of the same; and ground looking nice and smooth, and red and rich, we got quite anxious about it ourselves, and we thundered the uncle, no longer restrained by pru-dence. His sister started up wildly as the twain reluctantly moved toward the door, crossing themselves over the face of the dying as they left.

"Oh! have mercy, uncle," moaned the unhappy girl. "They say I am dying. Who will open the gate of Heaven for me? Blessed St. Peter," she murmured, feehly ought a Sunday coat for my father, a gown for herself, a fine pair of shoes for Dick, and as pretty a shawl for myself as e'er a colleen in the country earn an honest penny wherever he could. I often could show at mass. Through means of my fa-ther's industry and mother's good management, we were, with the blessings of God, as spug and mortal sight was fast clouding over. "I cannot We paid but a small rent, and we always and planter she wanted. She would go after breakfast and wall and the cloud. Here shall no struggles

> Through the live-long hours she would never eyes, which is seldom seen, except where the shadow of the grave darkens the cradle. She was fond of her father, and of Richard, and of myself, and would laugh and crow when she saw us; but sar, out just keep ner eyes liked on the tonesome low, to swell the salt waves already overriding towards in the chalky barriers stretched far and wide to immortant as grew long, and she caught a glimpse of her mother ever so far off, coming towards "Wherefore?" cried the child, in still greater amazement. the love in the core of her heart was for her mother. No matter how tired, or sleepy, or cross tient face was brighter than the sunbeam on the river. Faint and weary as the poor woman used the bright eyes dancing, and the little rosy mouth smiling, and the tiny limbs quivering, as if walkdoted on the very ground she trod! I often thought the Queen in her state carriage, with her son, God bless him! alongside of her, dressed out in gold and jewels, was not one bit happier than my mother, when she sat under the shade of the mountain ash, near the door, in the hush of the summer's evening singing and cronauning her only one to sleep in her arms. In the month of Octo-ber, 1845, Mary was four years old. That was the bitter time, when first the food of the earth wild brightness in my mother's eyes, and a hot was turned to poison; when the gardens that used CARNO. ple and white potato blossoms, became in one night black and offensive, as if fire had come down from heaven to burn them up. 'Twas a heart-breaking thing to see the laboring men, the cra-thers! that had only the one-half acre to feed their little families, going out, after work, in the evenings, to dig their suppers from under the black stalks. Spadeful after spadeful would be turned up, and a long piece of a ridge dug through, be-fore they'd get a small dish full of such withered crohauneens, (small potatoes,) as in other years would be hardly counted fit for the pigs.

It was some time before the distress reached for there was a trifle of money in the saving's bank, that held us in meal, while the neighbors were next door to starvation. As long as my fa-ther and mother had it, they shared it freely with them that were worse off than themselves; but at last the little penny of money was all spent, the price of flour was raised; and, to to make matters worse, the farmer that my father worked for, at a poor eightpence a day, was forced to send him and three more of his laborers away, as he couldn't afford to pay them even that any longer. Oh! 'twas a sorrowful night when my father brought home the news. I remember, as well as if I saw it yesterday, the desolate look in his face when he sat down by the ashes of the turf fire that had just baked a yellow meal cake for his supper. My mother was at the opposite side, giving little Mary a drink of sour milk out of her little wooden piggin, and the child didn't like it, being delicate, and always used to sweet milk, so she said "Mammy, won't you give me some of the nice milk instead of that?"

"I haven't it, asthore, nor can't get it," said her mother, "so don't ye fret? Not a word more out of the little one's mouth, only she turned her little cheek in toward her nother, and staid quite quiet, as if she was hearkening to what was going on.
"Judy," said my father, "God is good, and sure

tis only in Him we must put our rust; for in the wide world I can see nothing but starvation before us. "God is good, Tim," replied my mother, "He won't forsake us."

Just then Richard came in with a more joyful face than I had seen on him for many a day.
"Good news!" said he, "good news, father

here's work for us both on the Droumcarra road

The government works are to begin there to-

norrow-you'll get eightpence a day, and I'll get sixpence. If you saw our delight when we heard this you'd think 'twas the free present of a thousand pounds that came to us, falling through the roof, instead of an offer of small wages for hard work. To be sure, potatoes were gone, and the yellow meal was dear, and dry, and chippy—it hadn't the nature about it that a hot potato has for a poor man; but still 'twas a great thing to have the prospect of getting enough of even that same, and not to be obliged to follow the rest of the country into the poor-house, which was crowded to that degree that the crathurs there—God help them!— hadn't room even to die quietly in their beds, but were crowded together on the floor like so many dogs in a kennel. The next morning my father and Richard were off before daybreak, for they had a long way to walk to Droumearra, and they should be there in time to begin work. They took an Indian meal cake with them to eat for their dinner, and poor dry food it was, with only a draught of cold water to wash it down. Still my father, who was knowledgeable about such things, always said it was mighty wholesome when it was well cooked; and but some of the poor people took a great objection against it on account of the yellow color, which they thought came from having sulphur mixed with it—and they said, indeed it was putting a great affront on the decent Irish to mix up their food as if twas for mangy dogs. Glad enough, poor crathurs, they were to get it afterwards, when seaweed and nettles, and the very grass by the road-side, was all that many of them had to put into

When my father and brother came home the evening, faint and tired from the two long walks and the day's work, my mother would al-ways try to have something for them to eat with their porridge—a bit of butter, or a bowl of thick their porridge—a bit of butter, or a bowl of thick milk, or maybe a few eggs. She always gave me plenty, as far as it would go; but 'twas little she tock herself. She would often go entirely with-out a meal, and then she'd slip down to the huckster's, and buy a little white bun for Mary; and I'm sure it used to do her more good to see the child eat it, than if she had got a meat-dinner for herself. No matter how hungry the poor little thing might be, she'd always break off a bit to put satisfied until she saw her swallow it; then the little tin porringer, as contented as if it was ne

As the winter advanced, the weather bewet and bitterly cold, and the poor men working on the roads began to suffer dreadfully from be-ing all day in wet clothes, and, what was worse, not having any change to put on when they wen home at night, without a dry thread about them Fever soon got among them, and my father took it. My mother brought the doctor to see him, and, selling all our decent clothes, she got for him whatever was wanting, but all to no use; 'twas the will of the Lord to take him to himself, and

he died after a few days' illness.

It would be hard to tell the sorrow that hi widow and orphans felt, when they saw the freeh sods planted on his grave. It was not grief altogether like the grand stately grief of the quality, although maybe the same sharp knife is sticking into the same sore bosom inside in both; but the outside differs in rich and poor. I saw the mistress a week after Miss Ellen died. She was in her drawing-room with the blinds pulled down her drawing-room with the billing panel down, sitting in a low chair, with her elbow on the small work-table, and her cheek resting on her hand— not a speck of anything white about her but the cambric handkerchief, and the face that was paler

than the marble chimney-piece.

When she saw me, (for the butler, being busy, sent me in with the luncheon-tray.) she covered her eyes with her handkerchief, and began to cry, but quietly, as if she did not want it to be notice As I was going out, I just heard her say to Miss Alice, in a choking voice:

thinking the change might do her good, and the ladies petted her, and talked to her, and gave her heaps of toys and cakes, and pretty frocks and coats; but she hardly noticed them, and was restless and uneasy until she got back to her own low Every day she grew paler and thinner, and her bright eyes had a sad, fond look in them, so like her mother's. One evening she sat at the door later than usual.
"Come in, alannah," I said to her. "Won't you come in for your own Sally?"

She never stirred. I went over to her; she was quite still, with her little hands crossed on her lap, and her head drooping on her chest. I touched her—she was cold. I gave a loud scream and Richard came running; he stopped and looked, and burst out crying like an infant. Our little sister was dead !

sun was near setting, her gaze used to be more fixed and eager, but when darkness came on, her

blue eyes used to droop like the flowers that shut up their leaves, and she would come in quiet

she would not eat. It was almost impossible to get her to taste a morsel; indeed, the only thing she would let inside her lips was a bit of a little

white bun, like those her poor mother used to bring her. There was nothing left untried to please her. I carried her up to the big house,

recovered from it, and always did his best

wanted my mother to let me go in her stead and

children that used to come wanting her to play

stir, but just keep her eyes fixed on the lonesome

quietly in her mother's arms.

At the end of some months I got the sickness myself, but not so heavily as Richard did before.

flush on her thin cheeks-she had taken the

Before she lay down on the wisp of straw that

served her for a bed, she brought little Mary over to me: "Take her, Sally," she said—and between

every word she gare the child a kiss-" take her;

she's safer with you than she'd be with me, for you're over the sickness, and 'tisn't long any way I'll be with you, my jewel," she said, as she gave

Twould take long to tell all about her sick-

ness—how Richard and I, as good right we had, tended her night and day; and how, when every

her into my arms.

a book.

child like summer rain.

"Well, my Mary, the sorrow was bitter, be it was short. You're gone home to Him that comeyes are as blue, and your hair as golden your voice as aweet, as they were when you watched by the cabin door; but your cheeks are not pale, acushia, nor your little hands thin, and the shade of sorrow has passed away from your forehead like a rain-cloud from the summer sky She that loved yer so on earth, has clasped you forever to her bosom in heaven; and God himself has wiped away all tears from your eyes, and placed you both, and our own dear father, far beyond the touch of sorrow or the fear of death.

THE TEARS OF LIFE.

BY MRS. E. L. HERVEY.

Down among the smooth sands, paddling in the sea, with garments tucked up high above her knees, nay, gathered up and folded about her bosom, and only withheld from dropping on her young limbs by the little hands that clasped and buckled them fast in front, stood a child of some

Bred from her birth in the very lap of great ocean, for her mother's dwelling was a cut-ting in the side of the chalk cliff, little Katey child. Never were the surges too rough, never were the shining depths too treacherously glassy for her daring feet:
On this particular day, as she sported with the
waves, it chanced that as she danced backwards

further and further into the sea, singing a careless chant of her own, an outbreak of some childless chant of her own, an outbreak or some china-ish thought or emotion shaping itself into spon-taneous melody, her eye was suddenly attracted to some object standing out bright and sparkling from the white chalk of the cliff. At first she thought it was a gray gull, or a foolish guillemot, that had taken its stand on the jutting rocky ledge. She could plainly discern two wings waving on the air, and fringed with numerous beautiful tints, exactly like those masses of seafoam, touched by the sunlight, with which she had so often sported. Upborne by the fairy pin-ions, floated a form more lovely than anything the child had ever seen. What could it be?

As she asked herself this question, absorbed in her new wonder, the child allowed her garments to drop from her hold. No sooner were

they released from her clasp than the wind filled them like a sail; and away floated little Katey, Alice, in a choking voice:

"Keep Sally here always; our poor darling was fond of her."

And as I closed the door, I heard her give one deep sob. The next time I saw her, she was quite composed; only for the white cheek and the black dress, you would not know that the burning feel of a child's last kiss had ever touched her lips.

My father's wife mourned for him after another fashion. She could not sit quiet, she must work hard to keep the life in them to whom he gave it; and it was only in the evenings when she sat down before the fire with Mary in her arms,

WHOLE NO. 200.

With returning consciousness the first object to fall when she saw her mother cry. About the time my mother got an offer from some of the hucksters in the neighborhood, who knew her hucksters in the neighborhood, who knew her was stretched was a many-colored mosaic, formed was stretched was a many-colored mosaic, formed was stretched was a many-colored mosaic, formed she could not see, for the wings of the fairy being and bring them back supplies of bread, groceries, soap, and candles. This she used to do, walking now bending above her completely arched it over, so that all that met her up-turned gaze was one the twenty miles-ten of them with a heavy load on her back-for the sake of earning enough to keep us alive. 'Twas very seldom that Richard beautiful downy net-work, glimmering with opallike and ever-varying rays, like those upon the ocean foam, as she had seen it at eve when sunset could get a stroke of work to do : the boy wasn't strong himself, for he had the sickness too, though | lay along the sands.

Where am 1 ?" was the first question of the bewildered child. "In the cave of the fairy Cliffelda." was the bring back the load; but she never would hear of it, and kept me at home to mind the house and literath and the sea!" continued the fairy: "live for her mother, and never heeding the neighbors you learn to pine for your natura you learn to pine for your natural home, this shall be your dwelling; but once lament, shed but one human tear for the world you have left be-low, to swell the salt waves already overriding

"I will tell you," said the fairy. "Know, then, oh! sleeper in the sea, what it is that makes you to be, before ever she sat down she'd have Mary nestling in her bosom. No matter how little she from it in loathing. That salt is the taste of humight have eaten herself that day, she would always bring home a little white bun for Mary; and the child, that had tasted nothing since morn-with and made a pastime of sorrow; it has never ing, would eat so happily, and then fall asleep yet struck home to your heart. The tears of millions have flowed over your head this day, but your pulse throbs still, and the smile dances on your lip. Your life is secure till you shall add Any way, he and my mother tended me well your first real tear to swell the vast heaving tide through it. They sold almost every little stick that rolls on forever and ever. Then beware! furniture that was left, to buy me drink and It will no longer be in my power, or in the power medicine. By degrees I recovered, and the first of any of my race, to save you. Thenceforward evening I was able to sit up I noticed a strange, | yonder bitter waves shall have dominion over you. Perchance it will be your fate to drink deep of them till your soul shall be sick with looking ay, even of life."

The fairy ceased. The child pondered.

Few moons rolled over that vast sea before a change fell upon the child. Each moon, as it finger on the deep, and with it pointed to the shore. The child could not look straight down below because of the dizzy height on which she the little creature one long, close hug, and put lay; but she could mark the golden finger, and her into my arms. home, the narrow cabin at the foot of the cliff, whose very floor she well knew the high springtides were washing, whenever that golden-finger was so stretched across the deep. It was not long before the child began to pine

farthing and farthings's worth we had in the world was gone, the mistress herself came down from the big house, the very day after the family returned home from France, and brought wine, for her lowly home, and as a new and strange intelligence, beyond her years, dawned upon her, she whispered softly to her own heart: "Why am I here? What have I done that I should food, medicine, linen, and everything we could Shortly after the kind lady was gone, my mothknow no tears? Beautiful was my sister's sorrow, and sweet, when she was made to know her first er took the change for death; her senses came back, she grew quite strong-like; and sat up straight in the bed. great fault, and to weep over it. Sacred was my father's woe when he beheld me sink beneath the "Bring me the child, Sally, aleagh," she said.

"Bring me the child, Sally, aleagh," she said.

And when I carried little Marry to her, she looked into the tiny face, as if she was reading it like in my young days of innocence. My father was a hard man! but he is gentler now : my sister "You won't be long away from me, my own one," she said, while her tears fell down upon the walks softly in her sorrows. Why, ch, why am I only to know no tears! Though this floor were of gems instead of the little tide-shells, and though child like summer rain.

"Mother," said I, as well as I could speak for crying, "sure you know I'll do my best to tend her."

"I know you will, acushla; you were always a true and dutiful daughter to me and to him that's they are sweet to us!"

gone; but, Sally, there's that in my wenny one that won't let her thrive without the mother's her first real tear to the rippled sands below, she child felt herself falling gently downward, so hand over her, and the mother's heart for her to 

fell back on my arm, and in a few moments all lescend the more softly.

Soon after she lay at her mother's door that was over. At first, Richard and I could not believe that she was dead; and it was very long beopened on the sand; eager to enter, she turned but one look back. There she beheld the fairy fore the orphan would loose her hold of the stiffen-ing fingers; but when the neighbore came is to Cliffelds soaring upward to her cave on the cliff's ledge. She thought, too, that, in spite of her prepare for the wake, we contrived to flatter her strange teaching, the fairy smiled approvingly upon her, and that the eyes of Cliffelda herself were not quite as dry as they should have been, Days passed on ; the child was very quiet ; she used to go as usual to sit at the door, and watch hour after hour along the road that her mother had her practice been consistent with her preach-ing. But perhaps fairy tears, less bitter than mortal ones, feed only the rivers! always took coming home from market, waiting for her that could never come again. When the

In her own home all beheld her in wonder. No ne believed the tale she told of Cliffelda. It was rather supposed that the tide had cast the child without saying a word, and allow me to undress her and put her to bed. It troubled us and the young ladies greatly that was she listened to when she told what it was that

made the sea waves so salt.

Time passed, and the child Katey grew up in tenderness and truth. In place of the wild freaks of childhood, a softer and more chastened spirit ruled the girl as she advanced in years. And if, in her early womanhood, some sorrows found her, it was ever noticed that at such times she looked upward, some said to the cave on the rock's ledge, the dwelling of the Cliff-side Fay; others thought that she looked higher, even unto heaven.

Peterson's Magazine.

## FROM THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION

Despatch received by the Navy Department from Lieut. E. J. De Haven, commanding the Expedition search of Sir John Franklin. UNITED STATES BRIG ADVANCE,

Off Port Leopold, Aug. 22, 1850. Siz: I have the honor to acquaint you with the proceedings of the squadron under my command, nce leaving the Whale Fish Islands, whence my last despatch was dated.

We sailed on the 29th of June, but, owing to

calms and very light winds, we did not reach the latitude of Uppernavick till the 6th of July. Up to this place, no obstruction from ice was met with. We found a clear passage of from ten to twenty miles in width, between the land and the "pack." The latter was sighted daily, and had To the northward of Uppernavick many streams of floe ice were found extending from the main pack close into the land. Through these, with a fair wind, we found little difficulty in forcing our way, until we approached Baffin's Islands, in the latitude of 74°. Here the ice appeared so close

and continuous along the land, that our progress in that direction was arrested. At the same time a clear and wide opening presented itself leading to the west. We had a fair wind to enter it, and it was so directly in our course for Lancaster Sound that I could not resist the temptation, particularly as the passage looked to be almost hope-less by the usual northern route through Melville Bay.

For several hours our hopes of a speedy and direct passage appeared to be confirmed; but after a run of forty miles, ice was made shead and on

both sides in continuous line. We had but entered a deep bight on the main pack. To return to the eastward, whence we came, would perhaps have cost us days, with the un-certainty of being able to get along even then. Besides, of the only three authentic accounts of attempts to make the passage through the pack in about this latitude, two were eminently success-

ful. The third did not succeed so well.
In view of these facts, I thought it advisable to enter the pack, and endeavor to push through it, in a direct line for the theatre of our researches. We accordingly did so, and for several days succeeded in making some headway, until at last the ice became so tight and immovable that it became impossible either to advance or retreat. In this hopeless condition we remained until the 29th of July, when, by a sudden movement of the does, an opening presented itself to the north. A southeast wind springing up at the same time, we availed ourselves of it, and, with a press of sail, succeeded in forcing our way into clear

On the following day we were brought up again by the ice, having made a run of more than sixty miles. The wind by this time had freshened to miles. The wind by this time had freshened to a gale, which, together with a thick fog, made our position not a little embarrassing. The vessels were placed in as secure a position as could be found; notwithstanding which, they were in imminent danger from the heavy masses of ice driven before the gale, which pressed upon them. They withstood the shock, though, bravely. The danger was over on the gale abating.

We were now in latitude 75°, longitude to the usual Melville Bay route. It did not appear the middle one, from We were now in latitude 750, longitude 600, in much more favorable than the middle one whence we had just escaped. However, by keeping along the edge of the land ice, (which had no appearance of having moved this season, and ex-tended full thirty miles from the shore,) we were enabled to avail ourselves of occasional narrow openings which appeared with the changes of the wind; so that, with the aid of warpe, during calm